

Beleue't that weel do any thing for Gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions fowe  
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,  
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,  
That he may neuer more false Title pleade,  
Nor sound his Quilllets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,  
That scold'tt against the quality of flesh,  
And not beleuees himselfe. Downe with the Nose,  
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee (bald  
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld' pate Rustians  
And let the vnscatt'd Breggers of the Warre  
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,  
That your Actiuitie may defeate and quell  
The source of all Ereccion. There's more Gold,  
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,  
And ditches graue you all.

*Both.* More counsell with more Money, bounteous  
*Timon.*

*Tim.* More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue gi-  
uen you earnest.

*Alc.* Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell  
*Timon:* if I thrive well, Ile visit thee againe.

*Tim.* If I hope well, Ile neuer see thee more.

*Alc.* I neuer did thee harme.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alc.* Call'st thou that harme?

*Tim.* Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,  
And take thy Beagles with thee.

*Alc.* We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*

*Tim.* That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse  
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou

Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite breist  
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle

Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puffed,  
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,

The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,  
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heauen,

Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:  
Yield him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,

From forth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:  
Enseare thy Fertile and Conception wombe,

Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.  
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Beares,

Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face  
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all aboute

Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:  
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,

Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts  
And Morfels Vicious, greases his pure minde,

That from it all Consideration slipses —

*Enter Apemantus.*

More man? Plague, plague.

*Alc.* I was directed hither. Men report,  
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge  
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

*Alc.* This is in thee a Nature but infected,  
A poore vniuanly Melancholly sprung

From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?  
This Slave-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?

Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,  
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot

That euer *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.

Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive

By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,

And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue  
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,

And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:  
Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)

To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust  
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,

Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likenesse.  
*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.

*Alc.* Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy selfe.  
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st

That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine  
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyft Trees,

That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, paye thy heeles  
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke

Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste  
To cure thy o're-nights surfer? Call the Creatures,

Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight  
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnhouse'd Trunkes,

To the conflicting Elements expos'd  
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.

O thou shalt finde.

*Tim.* A Foole of thee: depart.

*Alc.* I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Alc.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Alc.* I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

*Tim.* Why do'st thou seeke me out?

*Alc.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles,

Dost please thy selfe in't?

*Alc.* I.

*Tim.* What, a Knaue too?

*Alc.* If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou

Dost it enforcedly: Thou d'st Counter be againe

Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery

Out-lives: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, neuer compleat:

The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse then the worst Content.

Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme

With fauour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.

Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,

The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,

To such as may the passive drugges of it

Freely command'st: thou would'st haue plung'd thy self

In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth

In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd

The Icie precepts of respect, but followed

The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,

Who had the world as my Confectionarie,

The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,

At duty more then I could frame employment;

That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues

Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters breath

Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,

For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,

That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:

Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?

They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)  
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe  
To some thee-Begger, and compounded thee  
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,  
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,  
Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

*Alc.* Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* I, that I am not thee.

*Alc.* I, that I was no Prodigall.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,  
I'de giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:

That the whole life of Athens were in this,  
Thus would I eate it.

*Alc.* Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

*Tim.* First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

*Alc.* So I shall mend mine owne, by th'lacke of thine

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botchy;

If not, I would it were.

*Alc.* What would'st thou haue to Athens?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whitlewind: if thou wilt,

Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.

*Alc.* Heere is no vse for Gold.

*Tim.* The best, and truest:

For heere it sleepe, and do's no hyred harme.

*Alc.* Where lye'st a nights *Timon*?

*Tim.* Vnder that's aboute me.

Where feed'st thou a dayes *Apemantus*?

*Alc.* Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather

where I eate it.

*Tim.* Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind

*Alc.* Where would'st thou send it?

*Tim.* To sawce thy dishes.

*Alc.* The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,

but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy

Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mocke thee for too much

Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de-  
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

*Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.

*Alc.* Do'st hate a Medler?

*Tim.* I, though it looke like thee.

*Alc.* And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y should'st

haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou

ouer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meane?

*Tim.* Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst

thou euer know below'd?

*Alc.* My selfe.

*Tim.* I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to

keepe a Dogge.

*Alc.* What things in the world canst thou neereft

compare to thy Flatterers?

*Tim.* Women neereft, but men: men are the things

themselves. What would'st thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

*Alc.* Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-  
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

*Alc.* I *Timon*.

*Tim.* A beastly Ambition, which the Goddess graunt

thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would

beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would

eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect

thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Ass:

If thou wert the Ass, thy dulnesse would torment thee;

and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakfast to the Wolfe. If

thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflicte thee,

& oft thou should'st hazard

thou the Vnicorne, pride

thee, and make thine owne

Wert thou a Beare, thou w

wert thou a Horse, thou w

pard: wert thou a Leopard

Lion, and the spotted of th

life. All thy safety were re

sence. What Beast could'st

ieft to a Beast: and what

seest not thy losse in trans

*Alc.* If thou could'st p

With speaking to me, thou

Haue hit vpon it heere.

The Commonwealth of A

A Forrest of Beasts.

*Tim.* How ha's the Affe

out of the Citie.

*Alc.* Yonder comes a

The plague of Company

I will feare to catch it, and

When I know not what el

Ile see thee againe.

*Tim.* When there is no

Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggers

Then *Apemantus*.

*Alc.* Thou art the Cap

Of all the Fooles alie.

*Tim.* Would thou wer

To spit vpon.

*Alc.* A plague on thee

Thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All Villaines

That do stand by thee, are

*Alc.* There is no Lepre

But what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee, Ile

But I should infect my han

*Alc.* I would my tong

Could rot them off.

*Tim.* Away thou issue

Choller does kill me,

That thou art alie, I woe

*Alc.* Would thou woe

*Tim.* Away thou redie

lose a stone by thee.

*Alc.* Beast.

*Tim.* Slave.

*Alc.* Toad.

*Tim.* Rogue, Rogue, R

I am sicke of this false wo

But euen the meere necess

Then *Timon* presently prep

Lye where the light Fome

Thy graue stone dayly, ma

That death in me, at other

O thou sweete King-killer

Twixt naturall Sunne and

of *Himans* purest bed, tho

Thou euer, yong, fresh, lo

Whose bluish doth thawe

That lyes on Dian's lap.

Thou visible God,

That souldrest close Impo

And mak'st them kisse; the